

Harp of the North

Arthur Wentworth
Hewitt.





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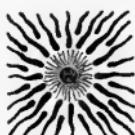
Harp of the North



Harp of the North

BY

ARTHUR WENTWORTH HEWITT



COLONIAL PRESS
C. H. SIMONDS COMPANY
BOSTON

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To
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THE WAYFARER.

One league, ten leagues, and a thousand, onward
into the night;

The lone, low hillsides darken, the stars are
wildly bright.

From the dimness of leagues beyond me, their
journeyings only begun,

The stars of the wearying thousands shine wear-
less over this one.

For only one do we travel, where one by one in
the dark

From lone abysses of dimness each league has its
several spark.

'Twas one by one that we traveled the leagues
that behind us are past —

We walk but one in the present, and die in one
at the last.

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Who walks one step of the journey may not forever turn back;

Who steps no foot of the journey must wither and die in his track.

From the days of loves that will linger and sweeten through all he aspires,

He must trample all he has cherished to stand on the height he desires.

But the still, small voice of his Being will call him away and afar

Where loom his delectable mountains, where shines his delectable star;

Where ever, but ever beyond him, still ever he knows he shall gain

The hills of his ultimate Being, the crown of his ultimate pain.

Yet on through the leagues and the dimness, ah, yet to the mountains above,

He will yearn with unquenchable longing and throb with unhealable love;

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Still gleams, in the homeland behind him, the
hallowed, enhaloing light
As it shone when he left it forever, a vagabond
into the night.

Oh, long and homeless the journeys, and dim
the wild starlight gleam
Till pilgrims and strangers have crossed all
purple peaks of their dream
To the land where the light that darkened in the
dim, long journeys we trod
We shall greet for once and forever, the Un-
speakable Glory of God.

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THE FOLLOWER.

By starless night, or morning
Auroral and sublime,
On winter wind or vernal,
Relentless and eternal,
I hear the ancient warning
The hills of soul to climb.

Through death and desolation,
Through hope and happy things;
Through valleys vast and hollow,
O'er hills, I follow, follow
The eerie aspiration
Of ghostly whisperings.

Oh, joy to follow faster,
By rocky road or green!
I who have rested never
Shall ask no rest for ever
Of Destiny, my master,
Immortal and unseen.

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THE ENDLESS QUEST.

The old, eternal calling, love,
Is sounding in my soul;
The steps afar are falling, love,
I follow toward the goal.

The angel wearies never, love,
Who has her pilgrim trained
To seek one quest forever, love,
Forever unattained.

I know not where she leads me, love,
I only know 'tis far;
I know not if she heeds me, love,
Where death and heartbreak are.

Oh, tired to-day with roaming, love,
And leagues on leagues to roam,
My soul, that has no homing, love,
Has slept and dreamed of home.

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I wake as day is failing, love —
On forest hills afar
The whippoorwills are wailing, love,
Unto the evening star.

The night is dark and eerie, love,
And lonely is the quest;
O fold my heart — 'tis weary, love —
To-night upon thy breast!

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BLUE HILLS BEYOND THE GREEN.

My home was in the highlands,
Where shone in emerald sheen
The leaves and vines and grasses
Upon the hills of green.

But all my heart grew restless,
And all my soul forgot
The things of its possession
For things possessed not.

Beyond the greener highlands
I saw the ranges lie,
The azure mountain ranges,
Against the azure sky.

They shone in violet colors
Against the sunset sheen;
The far off hills of azure
Were fairer than the green.

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And so I left the homeland
Where all my memories are,
To seek through all the distance
The hills of blue afar.

From all my vines and orchards,
From all my soul had gained,
From all my heart's attainments,
I sought my unattained.

The way was long and weary,
My heart grew strange and lone;
But now at last the ranges
Are near and are my own.

But all the hills are barren,
And all the hills are brown;
Beneath my feet they darken,
And like the desert frown.

And once before I perish
My wayward glances roam,

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And turn with speechless longing
Back to my hills of home.

Oh, mine no more for ever!
 Oh, fair they shine to view,
The hills from whence I wandered —
 Far off — and azure blue!

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THE WAYSIDE TREE.

A shade for the sunny sod
Was made by the Mighty God,
Who said, long years ago:
“ From yonder naked clod
Let branching beauty grow.”

For lovers and pilgrims were there,
Men weary, and men in despair,
And souls who had love for the Fair,
And God for them all had a care,
So God upraised a tree—
Aye blessed be the God of the tree!
And, long though the years may be,
What need of hurry hath He?
Who is all the gods and fate
Can well afford to wait—
Ah well, 'tis this, my song:
God raised the wayside tree
Through half a century long.

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Lo, half a hundred years
That slowly sail on our tears
To the place where lost years go
(Which God alone can know)
God gave to one lone tree—
So long that man might smile
And weep and pray a while
 And greet eternity;
So long that babes unborn
Have seen the light of morn,
Grown grey, and died forlorn,
 Such weary years to dree.
God called the years well spent,
The half a hundred lent
 To that lone, beautiful tree.

Lo! toward its mighty root
Comes, axe in hand, the brute;
And fifty years of God
He levels to the sod!

(Yea, trees of the forest there were,
 Signs of the Infinite care;

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Birches and maples and fir,
Fuel and lumber were there,
Enough for him, and to spare;
Coal mother earth did bear —
No matter — what did he care?)

Straightway the iron he swung
On the poem the Father began.
Beauty and soul far flung,
On a song that God had sung
The iron discordant ran;
Struck Ideality's plan,
Beauty for the soul of man,
And a shade for the fevered head —
Oh, loss irrelievable now,
For, ere a half century's fled,
Another may shelter the brow,
But the brow neath its shade will be dead!

Oh, many and many an hour,
Like many and many a man,
I've sat by the branching bower —
Its leaves were as cool as a fan.
There, wearied on the quest

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My soul forever seeks,
I sat me down to rest
 And watch my purple peaks.
Delectable and far,
 Against the sunset gates,
Where shines the evening star,
 And all my glory waits,
I saw them shining fair,
 And wondrous peace was mine,
 And whispers came divine
Upon the evening air.
Oh, many a blazing noon
 The shade would intervene;
 And at night, through the branches green,
I have watched the pallid moon —
But now, no more! no more!
 The man who cut the tree
 Has cut my rest from me,
And now my heart is sore.

Ay, curse him! Shatter him, all
 Ye demons, at every turn,
The beast of all beasts that crawl!

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God grant him in Hell to burn
Till the last of the timbers fall
To ashes, which fashioned the tree!
And then may the brute go free
To whimper at Heaven's wall;
But then will not bloom for me
Again my beautiful tree,
Though all my tears should fall.

Harp of the North

THE BELLS OF ETERNITY.

Only a hermit, he
Evermore hears,
Under the glistening
Moonbeams a-listening,
Tones of eternity
Sweet to his ears;
Low, but insistently,
Solemnly, distantly,
Wafted on winds of the
Whispering years.
With his fraternity
(Squirrels and wandering
Things) he is pondering
Echoes he hears
Evermore stealing
And tolling and pealing —
The bells of eternity
Sweet to his ears.

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These are his churches,
The maples and birches,
The elms and the covering
Blue of the hovering
Heavens of God;
While as he crosses
His grasses and mosses,
He thinks it no loss his
Cathedral is trod
Only by mellowing
Twilight enhaloing
Angels who whisper the
Glory of God,
And by the morning
Or sunset, adorning
His fonts, the wild fountains
That rush down the mountains
Past his abode.

(Hush! in the gloaming,
Hesperus-homing
Rays of the sun
Smile on the roaming
Eremite one.

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Then is it strange his
Crimsoning changes
Down the blue ranges
 Far in the west,
Hint of the home
 And the hills of his rest?
Whence ever come,
 Distantly stealing,
Tones of the pealing
Bells of eternity,
 Sweet to his ears,
Wafted on winds of the
 Whispering years.)

Hush! for it passes the
Emerald grasses, the
Whispering wind of the
 Vanishing years,
Under the quivering
Leaflets delivering
 Into his ears
Words of the withering
 Joys of the years,—

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Blooming like dawn in a
Glory of light,
Fading and gone in a
Gloom, as of night.
Fleeting and
Fleeting and
Fleeting in tears!
Meeting us,
Greeting us,
Fading and fleeting thus,
Vanish the years.

Leave him a-pondering,
Here mid his wandering
Wildling fraternity.
Time only swells
Tones of the bells
Tolling on dells,
And woods he will roam;
Ringing and warning,
Gloaming and morning,
Calling him home —

Harp of the North

Bells of eternity,
Sweet to his ears;
Echoing, stealing,
Tolling and pealing,
Wafted on winds of the
Whispering years.

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SEVEN SONGS OF EVENING.

I.

While softly radiant is the afterglow
A faint and far intoning of deep bells,
Dying away in distance down the dells,
Is chiming on the evening air. I know
The quaint old lichen tinted church, below
A stone old ivied steeple green and bright,
Beside the ancient elms, in sunset light
That smiles on mounds of burials long ago.
There slumber under mossy monuments
The fathers, nevermore to hear the slow
Old bells sublimely swinging to and fro,
Their solemn, fading cadence flinging thence.
The bells are hushed, and now the veery — hark!
A song and then a silence and the dark!

II.

Beneath the ancient elms that stand around
The country graveyard in the lonely vale
I stand at sunset, where the myrtles trail

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And lichenèd marble over mossy mound
In vain would whisper, "Death is on this ground."

The violets blossom in the greening grass,
Wild roses bud, and ever, as they pass,
The orioles and veeries sprinkle sound
Down into evening's green and golden glow,
And beauty lays on death and everything
The old immortal joyance of the spring.
Like Memnon to the morning long ago,
The very marbles sing, with rapture rife,
"I am the resurrection and the life."

III.

O lonely moon that movest up the sky,
If fairer bark e'er sailed a softer sea
I know not where! In blue infinity
Among the fleecy floating cloudlets I,
Sitting within thy hollow shell on high,
As a babe in a golden bowl to float in glee,
Am fain to float afar to-night with thee,
Wild wonders down blue seas of air to spy.
There, rocking on the billows of the breeze,

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The green old ocean's bosom heaving bare,
The lofty mountains lifting through the air,
The far off little lovers under trees
By houses big as boxes — I would stare,
Peering over thy brim, to look at these.

IV.

A fearsome, creeping, inky, starless night!
The velvet monster muffles dismally
All things from vision, yet is out of sight;
Eyes straining from their sockets could not see
His eldritch shape, nor misers aught behold
Though walking half a yard from heaps of gold.
Their tender babes might mothers laughingly
Lead under trees whence Death, all ghastly,
 leans.
The lewdest boor might think on shelling beans,
 While Aphrodite naked from the sea
Walked half a rod before him. Serpent's hiss
 Or wolf's bare fang might ambush man to-
 night.
I wonder is the breathless grave like this?
 It is as if God died who made the light.

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V.

Bewildering, awaking star on star,
Capella, Vega, and the Pleiades,
In crystal constellations when one sees
Step forth on sapphire battlements afar,
And wondering thinks what boundless spaces are
Between the closest, where perchance is
whirled

Round the Galaxy's least atom many a world
That dwarfeth this, Infinity seems far.
Then search all rolling worlds and gather all
The drops of water, fire, and grains of sand;
All leaves that ever fell, all flakes that fall —
Make each lone atom in a sum so grand,
A billion rolling aeons, let them flee —
'Tis not a moment of Eternity.

VI.

The rain has fallen all the afternoon;
The soft gray twilight's robe with rain is
dripping;
The drowsy blossoms nod beneath the boon
Of needed bath, and all the earth is sipping.

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Brown rivulets are running down the road;
Mud puddles in the ceaseless raining wrinkle;
And polished pebbles roll, anew bestowed
By dashing drops that round them drip and
sprinkle.
On rocks and pasture, pool, and brooklet splash-
ing;
On grass and trees that long will drip ere
drying;
On window panes all day I've watched the dash-
ing,
But oh! the joy of gentle night, and lying
Beneath the slanted roof where softly mingles
With sleep the patter, patter on the shingles!

VII.

O soul, one song more sing of evenfall,
Of soft and lone and wondrous April-tide!
Again the golden hermit thrushes call,
And o'er the world the rainwinds wander wide.
But mellow more than haloes fall the rays
Of setting sunlight on the grasses brown;
The whippoorwills bewail the closing days,

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And swollen brooks to the valleys gurgle
down.

Green singers piping shrill in silver song
Along the lonely valleys and the swales,
(Clear ringing choruses through evenings long
Till mellow music over all prevails).
The little frogs are singing; wild with spring!
My heart will break if more I try to sing.

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THE LOST ILLUSION.

Floating mellow through the pathos of the April
evening twilight,

I have seen again the vision of my love of long
ago.

Down the darkening abysses of my soul her angel
eyelight

Smiles to life the love, the longing, and the
unforgotten woe.

Haloed bright with utter glory, such as lights
the golden bridal

When the memories of April kiss the hopes
forever dead,

Thou hast all the wild, sad splendor of my
dreamland's broken idol,

Thou art all as I had dreamed thee, with the
haloes round thy head.

Art thou come from violet mountains of that
distant past whose dimness

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Scarce permits to dying echoes one dear mystic
thrill of you,
Once again to wake affection cold as craters,
stark with grimness,
White with death that resurrection never can
to life renew?

If thou livest yet I know not, thou art dead for
aye and ever
With the death that lieth piteous and forever
on my dream.

Girl, I loved thee long and madly, but for me
God made thee never —

All thy haloes were illusion, light as moon-
beams on the stream.

Thou of earth wert only earthy, like the brown,
fresh April grasses,
Yet celestial as I saw thee, like the peaks afar
and blue;

Toward the violet hills I wandered — rough and
brown were all their passes;
Toward thyself I struggled, homing — when I
found thee, love withdrew.

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Is there beauty in the grasses, or the April twilight holy,
Or the far-off, silver music of the frogs along the vale,
In the hours when Nature's freshness is so sweet it seems that slowly
All the fragrances of Heaven through the gates of God exhale?

Or is all the sweet, sad splendor in the mortal eyes that, seeing, only seem to see immortal beauty reigning in the world?
Are the eyes all Nature's color? Is there naught beyond our being
For the thrills that are forever through our throbbing bosoms whirled?

Wert thou lovely, O thou loved one, who art loved again, ah never!
Who art dead as death can make thee, though thy heart still throb and thrill?

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Or were all the haloes round thy tresses, eyes,
and soul forever

But within the dreamer's soul that saw thee,
loved, and dreamed his will?

Oh, could death for deathless longing, or could
life for lifeless dreaming

Swing from fancy into truth the portals aye
and ever barred!

Could I find thee what I thought thee — as one
April drew thy seeming —

Whether what thou art I know not — what I
dreamed of thee unmarred!

Nevermore my soul shall meet thee, nevermore
shall know the smarting

Of the pain when thou wouldest turn unsmiling
from a heart it hurt!

Bitter though it was to lose thee, better, better
far the parting

Than to watch the haloes fading from what
once I dreamed thou wert!

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Now I know I never loved thee, now I know my
spirit only,

Through the pathos of the twilight, then was
seeking for its own.

Through the long, unnumbered valleys, through
its dreamland echoes lonely,

Still it seeketh mid the haloes, still unknowing
and unknown.

O why wilt thou longer haunt me through the
wild, pathetic twilight,

Lost illusion of a love-dream, with thine an-
guish wild and vain?

Far as Algol from Arcturus, God divides us —
and her eyelight,

Fair as moonrise on the mountains, never beams
on me again.

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A SONG OF HER.

O loved so dearly, loved so long,
And lost so long ago,
My heart shall sing thee one more song,
Though thou wilt never know.

From him thou nevermore wilt see,
A song thou wilt not hear,
Of every smile thou gavest me,
And every bitter tear.

More dim than April's twilight glow,
More tender and more sad,
Are all the years of long ago
And all the hopes they had.

They die all darkly, all the throng,
They leave me lone, I know —
O loved so dearly, loved so long,
And lost so long ago!

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HEARTACHE.

I ache for thee, I ache for thee,
O loved and lost so long ago,
But all my hope is memory,
And all my memory is woe.

Thou canst not come, thou canst not come,
Thou canst not come again to me!
My heart is dead, my song is dumb,
But all my dreams remember thee.

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BESIDE MY COTTAGE DOOR.

My cottage door is open
And, sitting near its sills,
I watch the wondrous twilight
Enhaloing the hills.

Oh, tender is the twilight,
And, strange and wondrous fair
The round, white moon is lighting
The violet evening air.

Beside my cottage doorway,
In bud and bloom are seen
The fragrant pink wild roses
Upon their bushes green.

To-night my heart is happy,
To-night the empty years
Of lone and utter longing
Have lost at last their tears.

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My own, my unforgotten,
To-night hath let me know
Her heart hath reawakened
Its love of long ago.

Oh, long ago I lost her!
Oh, bitter was the throb!
Oh, hard the years of absence,
The heartbreak and the sob!

My one, my own, my only —
Her heart grew lonely, too!
And now I wait her coming
As once she used to do.

Oh, will she come to brighten
The violet evening air,
And yield to my caresses
Her waving golden hair?

She comes — her shadow, falling
Across my cottage door,

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Is moving in the moonlight
Beside me on the floor.

I dare not look upon her —
Oh, shall I ever know
That loveliness, unfaded,
I loved so long ago?

Her garments rustle near me,
A sigh her bosom stirs —
My foolish fears forsaking,
I lift my eyes to hers.

Her eyes have all their glory,
Her lips are no less warm,
The years have not diminished
The splendor of her form.

To crown the years of yearning,
To cover all the woe,
To see her is sufficient,
My love of long ago!

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“ O fair, and unforgotten!
O lovely, and supreme!
O lips that lean to kiss me ” —
I wake — 'tis all a dream!

O break, my heart! for Heaven
No comfort hath to dole,
But answers with its silence
The silence of my soul.

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THE BALLAD OF BROKEN LINKS.

I.

Across the twilight hills she came,
 Across the village green;
Light hearted lass of Burnlindale,
 As lofty as a queen.

Under the birch by the little church
 A laddie stopped the lass.
She laughed and tossed her saucy head,
 “ Now, Bob, you let me pass!”

“ No, May! You pay the toll,” he said,
 “ I’ll take it if you don’t.”
She laughed and tossed her saucy head —
 “ But, Bob, you know I won’t!”

She struggled in her lover’s arms,
 A struggle brief and weak.
Her eyes were laughing into his,
 He kissed her girlish cheek.

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II.

Years passed. The lass of Burnlindale
Awake in the gloaming lay;
She had folded the morrow's bridal veil
Out of her sight away.

Far-away, silvery choirs of frogs
In the valley piping shrill —
And memories roll — she hates her soul,
But tears on the pillow spill.

They fall from her eyes as wine will flow
Crushed from the grapes of blue.
There is one may never know her woe —
God grant that he in Heaven may know
That such a thing was true!

She hated her soul, she turned on her bed,
She prayed with a broken sob;
“Forgive me, O kind God!” she said,
“I wish that it were Bob!”

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III.

The twilight sank on Burnlindale,

“ Now, hail, old comrade, John! ”

“ Hail Bob, old friend! Where didst thou
spend

The years while thou wert gone? ”

“ In wars and over waves,” he said,

“ But sick of foam and fight,

By something I am homing led,—
Why ring the bells to-night? ”

Sublime with deep intoning,

The church bells swung, afar.

The echoes died, low moaning.

“ May’s wedding bells they are.”

Oh, long when John had turned to go,

Bob sat beneath the trees.

But May, who never knew his woe,

God grant that she in Heaven may know

He throbbed with memories!

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IV.

“ The gloaming fell on Burnlindale,
As thou wert homing, love —
Rememberest how I kissed thee, now,
That happy gloaming, love?

“ The gloaming now on Burnlindale
Is softly stealing, love,
And from the church beside the birch
The bells are pealing, love.

“ Thy bridal bells on Burnlindale,
Full-toned and tender, love —
Ah, woe! I thought I had forgot
Thy smiles, thy splendor, love!

“ The gloaming falls on Burnlindale,
If hearts are broken, love,
I know not — oh, I only know
Heartache unspoken, love!”

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APRIL AND INDIAN SUMMER.

April twilight, humid breezes,
Brown the grass the snow releases —
Roamed a lad at evening lonely,
Owning love for Nana only.

June and wildwood. “Yes,” she told him;
Heaved her bosom close to hold him;
Squirrels scampered off to chatter
To their mates about the matter.

Bridal bells, intoned sublimely,
Pealed in sweet September timely,
When the bride came down the valley,
Leaving church by leafy alley.

Indian Summer wakes in wonder —
Blue her skies but white thereunder
Stands the stone that moans in vain a
Verse beneath the name of *Nana*:

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“ Only loved, unlovely never,
Only thee I love forever —
Only thee, and thou art only
Ashes in a graveyard lonely.”

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EILEEN OF INVERLIN.

She walked the woods alone, Eileen of Inverlin;
Her eyes were made for smiles, but held the tears
therein.

The oriole sang low along the leafy lane
When there I met Eileen, the lass I loved in
vain.

"What grief is thine, Eileen?" I said. A sigh
she caught,

And lifted up her eyes of blue forget-me-not.

"My lad has gone to war, and said, 'Except we
win

I come no more to meet Eileen of Inverlin!'"

'Twas long thereafter, lo, the oriole had fled;
Before the wailing wind the leaves were drifting,
dead;

To turn her love to me I did the deadly sin
A letter false to bring Eileen of Inverlin.

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"Thy love is false," I said, "he hath forgotten thee."

She sank upon a bank and read, nor looked at me.
Above the cruel lie she bowed her head of brown;
Like billows heaved her breast, her tears were
dripping down.

'Twas there I broke her heart, Eileen of Inverlin,
But noble, when I tried her broken heart to win,
She flashed, "If he is false, a faithful lover I!
Nor thou nor any else shall claim me till I die!"

One day we learned her lad fell down in battle,
dead.

When other days and years were gone, "Eileen,"
I said,

"Ten years of life I'd lose one smile of thine to
win —

Why linger longer lone, Eileen of Inverlin?"

"My boy is dead, I know — if false I never
knew,

But this I know, that still love lives and love is
true.

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His eyes were hazel bright, my bonny Lyndon
Glynn!

And he alone may love Eileen of Inverlin."

Nor long thereafter, oh! the tender leaves were
green!

At sunset in the woods once more I met Eileen —
The oriole sang low — and she, no longer lone,
Held arm in arm at last her true love and her
own.

Oh, gloriously she uplifts her lashes long —
My heart is full of hell — the world is full of
song —

When ring the bells at morn yon ivied tower
within,

A bonny bride will be Eileen of Inverlin!

Harp of the North

THE GAWKY.

A gawky came sauntering over the hill.

Quoth Jennie, a scowl on her brow,

“With ma in the meadow and pa at the mill,

How can I have company now!

Ho! how?

How can I have company now?”

“Ho, ho!” said the booby, “Was ever such luck?

None peek at me now if I stay!”

She flashed like a shaving the lightning had struck:

“I hate you, and you go away!

Oh, Say!

I hate you, and you go away!”

The minx at her meaning he took, it was plain.

“Oh, two can play hating, you know!”

Harp of the North

Her cheeks were soon wet as a rose in the rain —

He really was going to go!

Boo! Hoo!

He really was going to go!

He squinted a wee little squint ere he went —

She choked, and he heard her, the lout!

He didn't suppose that he knew what it meant,

But thought he had better find out.

No doubt,

He thought he had better find out.

He caught her. She wriggled and squealed,

"Oh, you quit!

You booby, behave yourself, Jim!

Your kissing I do not want any of it!"

But the hollyhocks nodded at him

(At Jim),

The hollyhocks nodded at him!

He loosed her, he did! Oh, the lubber, the loon!

But stayed all the gloaming to play,

Harp of the North

Till over the mountain Night kicked up the
moon,

And then he went whistling away!

Oh, say!

And then he went whistling away!

Harp of the North

THE SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER.

Where down the sunny mountain gushed the
gurgling water

The lad that picked the apples met the shep-
herd's daughter.

She stood beneath the birches, on the bank so
mossy;

Her eyes were blue as asters, brown her locks
and glossy.

Bare-footed, hesitating, skirts a little lifting,
She watched the water wimpling, shadows on it
shifting.

Across the brook the laddie called, "I'll help
you over.

The stones are slippery." Only laughed she at
her lover.

" My hand you want to hold it, hold me shall
you never!

Harp of the North

Go tend," she said, "your orchards!" Love
has hope forever,
And he a rosy apple gave her, making bolder;
But she, his apple tossing, hit him on the
shoulder.

"Go off," she said, "and leave me!" Round he
turned him, going.

Higher she pulled her skirts to wade the waters
flowing.

She saw no more the lad, nor he the shepherd's
daughter

Till once again they met beside the wimpling
water.

He bent beside the babbling brook, athirst, and
drinking,

He did not see the girl, of her he was not think-
ing.

She came unseen and still; 'twas hot, her cheeks
were ruddy,

And with her naked foot she made the water
muddy.

Harp of the North

She, springing, ran away; he sprang and followed after.

She left him far behind, and mocked him with her laughter.

The silly sheep looked on, their pasture grasses chewing;

They blinked, but could not understand what they were viewing.

But once again the lad beside the wimpling water

Alone and sobbing found the shepherd's pretty daughter.

He pulled her hands away from eyes all red with crying.

"What is the matter, dear?" he said, her cheeks a-drying.

"My sheep are on the mountain — don't know where to find them.

I've hunted till my feet leave bloody tracks behind them.

Harp of the North

They're lost and gone," she sobbed, "and
father's gone a-roaming
With gun upon his shoulder — won't be home
till gloaming."

"I'll go to find your sheep, then cry no more,
my dearie,"

He said, and sought the sheep; he walked till
he was weary.

Across the hills he came when purple night was
falling,

But every lamb came home, responding to his
calling.

The lassie heard them bleating, came and saw
them folded;

She hugged their woolly necks and every wan-
derer scolded.

How did she thank the lad for home her tru-
ants bringing?

She let him kiss her cheek, her arms around him
clinging.

Harp of the North

THE WRAITH OF ROBIN.

Eerie eve, eerie eve,
Ever is Hallowe'en;
Lassie, how thy heart will heave
When his wraith is seen!

Wouldst thou see the laddie, lass,
Fate for thee requires —
Know if wedlock come to pass
As thy heart desires?

Lassie go when midnight spills,
Ever at Hallowe'en,
Terror over Burnlin hills,
And his wraith is seen.

Where the naked branches groan,
Haunted by the moon,
Thither, lassie, all alone
Seek the fearful boon.

Harp of the North

Under the birches runs the brook
 Ever at Hallowe'en;
Bow upon the banks and look,
 And his wraith is seen.

Then uprose that trembling girl,
 Bowing her bonny head,
Speaking with her heart awhirl,
 Out she spake and said,

“ In the waters if I spy,
 Ever at Hallowe'en,
Other face than Rob's, I die
 When the wraith is seen! ”

Went the lassie where the brook
 Runs toward Burnlindale,
Bowing on the banks to look,
 Under the moonlight pale —

Face and face unto her own,
 Ever at Hallowe'en,

Harp of the North

Peering, saw she Rob alone
When the wraith was seen!

And she felt a presence light,
Light as the whispering breeze—
Then the vision vanished quite,
Under the birchen trees.

Nor than hers was better bliss
Ever at Hallowe'en,
For her Robin and for this:
That his wraith was seen.

But to her at morning came
Sighing, her sister sad;
Tidings heavy past all name
On her lips she had.

“ Death some blithesome bosom kills,
Ever at Hallowe'en—
Robin died on Burnlin hills,
The hour when wraiths were seen! ”

Harp of the North

Sobbed the lassie, heart-broken then,
“ Robin could not die! —
Happy, happy have we been,
And his bride am I!

“ Bonny, bonny was my lad!
Ever at Hallowe'en —
Mine was all the love he had,
And I his wraith have seen!”

“ Thine he was, and thine he died,
Lassie, yester eve.” —
“ What at Halloweentide
Message did he leave?”

“ ‘ I will pass her as I go,
Ever at Hallowe'en,
And my lassie then will know
She my wraith has seen.’ ”

“ Said he this, and ‘ This weird night
· Of the coming year

Harp of the North

Will I come for her — ’ ” “ O bright
Hope,” she cried, “ and dear! ” —

Eerie eve, eerie eve,
Ever is Hallowe'en,
Lassie, how thy heart will heave
When his wraith is seen!

Harp of the North

BY THE MOON OF HALLOWE'EN.

I.

Above the mountain moved the moon.

“ Now Jeanie, answer me!”

“ I cannot answer thee so soon.

Oh wait a year!” said she.

“ Thy father’s anger thou dost dread —

Thou wilt forget me, Jean!”

“ I’ll answer thee, alive or dead,

By the moon of Hallowe’en.”

But out and spake her angry sire

When she had turned the knob,

“ I’d see thy body burn in fire

Ere thou shouldst marry Rob!”

He took her far away to roam,

When back the tidings spread

Unto the mountains of her home

Of Jeanie Douglas dead.

Harp of the North

II.

“ I cannot love thee, Agnes Bell —
I know I am a knave —
But my heart is hidden deep and well
In Jeanie Douglas’ grave! ”

“ Take back thy promise, Rob,” she said,
All choked with anguish hot.
“ Should Agnes ever wish to wed
With one who loves her not? ”

III.

And now it is the Hallowe’en,
White ride the clouds on high,
And gibbous o'er the azure sheen
The yellow moon goes by.

From cloud to cloud across the blue,
From dark o'er light to dark;
The somber hills with shifting hue
The eerie moon doth mark.

Harp of the North

By fields of brown the shadows sweep
Along the naked trees;
And somewhere from the branches deep
Whistles the ghostly breeze.

In Jean's old home beyond the kirk
The youth together flock,
In jubilee of game and glee,
Save Rob whom memories mock.

Giggling glee — bubbling fair —
Till at the middle night
An eerie wailing fills the air
And stops the heart with fright.

Unearthly low and sad it calls,
It dies to silence soon.
Was it within these shadowy walls
Or under the ghostly moon?

O out and spake then Norna Glynn,
And wild and pale was she,

Harp of the North

“A ghost is seen each Hallowe'en,
At midnight seen is he;

“Those earthless footsteps lightly tread
Yon hills at Hallowe'en
The fairest ghost of all the dead
That mold in churchyards green.

“Whoever sees that ghost arise,
To him is grief and groan;
Whoever spies his eldritch eyes
Falls down as dead as stone!”

Pale and still with terror all
Stood like stones to hear.
Out and spake, that spell to break,
Agnes, void of fear:

“The tale is idle — out I go,
Nor fear I phantom lore!”
Still and pale, they watched her go.
Back she came no more.

Harp of the North

IV.

By terror eerie haunted,
Rob shook with utter dread;
His highland heart was daunted,
Remembering his dead.

The girl to track who came not back,
He left the cottage soon.
The clouds above were mad to rack
And oversweep the moon.

The shadows underneath were mad
The earth to overdance,
To flit and fall and darken all,
Departing like a glance.

The dead leaves rustled — were they stirred
By mortal foot, or blown
By the breezes — what was that he heard?
A shudder and a moan!

Beneath a butternut creaking bare,
Upon a mossy mound

Harp of the North

Was shape or shadow — Agnes there
. Had sunk upon the ground!

He bent above her, fain to speak,
When she his face beheld.

She drove him from her with a shriek
By mortal fear impelled.

“ Away! Away! O touch me not!
Not thou, of all the world!”

He heard, believing that her thought
In chaos wild was whirled.

“ Not I of all the world, when thou
Didst love me once so well!”

“ Ay,” she replied, “ and love thee now —
But get thee hence! Farewell!”

“ And hast thou seen this Hallowe'en
Those dread unearthly eyes?”
“ A lightsome phantom I have seen
Where yonder pathway lies.

Harp of the North

“Naught utter of that face! The form
Was radiant to see,
But since I heard its awful word
Come never near to me!”

But nearer still he stepped to her,
The shadow shifted grim,
And crouching near, in terror sheer,
Witless she stared at him.

Then nearer still he stepped to her,
She sprang unto her feet;
Away she ran as fleet as man
Whom devils follow fleet.

V.

The day has dawned, the sun beyond
The rugged mountain set
For more than thrice an hundred times
Since Rob and Agnes met.

That night of moon and terror,
That fearsome Hallowe'en,

Harp of the North

Has made her shun the lad as one
· By leprosy unclean.

By ingleside he ponders
What may the mystery mean.
“ For weal or woe, I swear to know,”
He said, “ what she hath seen!

“ But give me from the grave, O God,
My Jeanie once to kiss,
Or from the grave no longer save
A broken life like this!”

’Twas Agnes wrote to him the note:
“ The night is Hallowe’en;
Go (dost thou dare?) thou knowest where—
The wraith I saw was Jean.”

VI.

The haunted Hallowe’en is back
With blinking stars o'erhead;
The twisting trees are bare and black,
The leaves are black and dead.

Harp of the North

Under the hill, the lonely kirk
And Jeanie's home between,
Soft be his tread who with the dead
Bides tryst at Hallowe'en!

"' Her bones are buried beyond the sea' —
Oh, lies and false alarms!
To-night will Jeanie Douglas be
Alive within my arms!"

Out spake a voice — he shook with fright —
His name it uttered low.
He turned to see a phantom bright,
All whiter than the snow!

Her face was lifted to the light
Of all the stars to show
The smiling lips, the bonny bright
Blue eyes of long ago.

One cry all sharp with wild delight —
But never the ghost of Jean,
And never on another night
Her lover again was seen.

Harp of the North

NORNA THORNTON.

She roamed along the ragged rocks
Where gushed the gurly sea.

“To-morrow,” tossing back her locks
She laughed, “he comes to me!”

The sky was purple overhead,
The green old ocean sang,
The risen moon was bloody red
And loud the sea birds’ clang.

“Thank God to-night he is not nigh!”
Cried Norna Thornton soon,
For dark and darker grew the sky
And bloodier the moon.

The wind went walking round about,
The eerie wave went black,
The bloody moon was blotted out
Beneath the scudding rack.

Harp of the North

The black in which the blind man walks
Came down on sea and land;
The ocean boomed among the rocks
And thundered on the strand.

The lightning leaped athwart the sky,
The thunder burst sublime!
Oh night of nights for man to die
At his appointed time!

A voice is heard, it shouts afar,
Men rush with mighty strides.
“A ship has crossed the harbor bar!
Among the rocks it rides!”

A flash, and then the thunder crashed;
The darkness thick was furled;
Then out the leaping lightning flashed
And lit the eerie world.

When out the leaping lightning flashed,
“Look!” Norna Thornton cried.
“Look yonder! Look! to death is dashed
A vessel on the tide!”

Harp of the North

" Now comes the crack of doom!" they cry,

" And death is on her track!"

On Hampton haven heaving high,

The breakers, leaping black,

Are leaping black and breaking white

Upon the harbor rocks,

When inky blank again the night

The keenest vision blocks.

The plunge and thunder of the deep

The shrillest shriek would drown.

God only — who is gone — could keep

That diapason down.

But hark! a strident crash is heard!

The lightning leaps a-lee!

All man could see, all men averred,

Was flotsam on the sea!

The lightning leaped along the sky,

Men read beneath its flame,

From the vessel's broken beak tossed high,

And *Norna* was the name!

Harp of the North

Insanely Norna to the sea
Cried when that name she knew,
“Give Skipper Jamie back to me,
Or drown this body too!”

Insanely Norna to the sea
Ran swift, but as she ran
The surf washed homeward heavily
The body of a man.

“Stop! for the love of God! O girl,
Thy love lies on the strand!”
She turned, with head and heart a-whirl,
She knelt and took his hand.

“Oh heavy, heavy on my knee,
And cold my darling’s head!
And cold the arms that folded me
So fondly — he is dead!”

She plunged into the plunging sea
Ere any man could save.
Grim Death was laughing loud for glee
Below the wicked wave.

Harp of the North

For, sighing on the sodden sand,
The skipper came to life.
He glanced along the gloomy strand,
He called his promised wife.

Oh, golden love shall kill his care,
And golden hope is sweet!
But golden was that corpse's hair
The surf flung at his feet.

Harp of the North

EVIL IVAN'S BRIDE.

Eerily the olden moon
Within the crescent rode
The ocean floor, a skull all gore,
In a golden bowl bestowed.

And black against the somber sea
Uprose a castle bad,
Nor any turf but leaping surf
And solid rock it had.

“ Go down unto the somber sea,”
Said Ivan, evil-eyed,
“ And light the stony tower for me
Where I shall bring my bride! ”

I shook with fear such words to hear;
A darksome man was he
To nest a bride at such a tide,
By such a sounding sea!

Harp of the North

Thundering the beaches moan,
But from that bridal night
Was evil Ivan never known
To any mortal sight.

That castle black on a boulder's back,
Men say of it in fear,
Shuddering to their icicle souls,
" 'Tis haunted many a year!

" It hath a ghost that grins in glee
When scuds the gibbous moon;
When devils drive the winds at sea
It laugheth like a loon!"

An owl will hoot at the haunted moon
From ivied ruins lone,
But fearsome most is a giggling ghost
Where sounding oceans moan.

'Tis night; in the gloom the combers spume,
And the moon at the window peeks;
In the hollow hall as dim as doom
A mortal footstep creaks.

Harp of the North

Unsought for twenty years that room
'Tis evil Ivan seeks;
His hair, once like a hearse's plume,
Is grizzled now in streaks.

He heard a sound, he looked around,
He thought it was a moan.
Was it a moan, that mournful sound,
Or an echo of his groan?

He rolled his eyes, aghast, agape
At the dim moon-litten room;
He thought he saw a moving shape
That should have lain in tomb.

As black as crape that moving shape,
'Twas blacker than the gloom
In the corners. "Oh!" he groaned, agape,
Remembering the tomb!

He glanced again a glance in vain,
If ghost, the ghost was gone;
The moon looked down the skeleton pane
At Ivan, shaking, lone.

Harp of the North

Out spake a voice: "O blessed glee!"
That voice unearthly said;
"I pity, pity, pity thee!
'Tis blithesome to be dead!"

He shook at words so sudden said,
For an idiot may divine
The gibbering of the bony dead
Is winter to the spine.

As if a frozen corpse's hand
Had slapped his naked heart,
When white he saw a phantom stand
He shook with a fearful start.

For drifting o'er the naked floor
It stood within the light;
Nor black as crape that phantom shape,
But like a lily white.

"O God!" he muttered, half in swoon,
"The face is hers, the eyes
Are hers that glitter to the moon,
As fair as Paradise!

Harp of the North

“ They are no lips of mortal warm
Those fearful words that said.
The bones that shaped that beauteous form
Have twenty years been dead! ”

Then through a door as dark as doom
Floats and disappears
That phantom to a hollow room
Whose echo Ivan hears —

“ Oh blithesome are the dead! ” thought he,
“ That apparition said!
No heart like hers could ever be
So happy to be dead! ”

A haggard look askance he took,
The haunted halls he fled.
And did he hear a moaning near,
And was it from the dead?

Nor any tone of bitter moan
Self-murdered heard he more —
A corpse is he the somber sea
For ever tumbles o'er.

Harp of the North

But a bitter tone of moaning lone,
Nor was it from the dead,
Like waves that rave in a cave of stone,
Rose soon as Ivan fled.

In the mellow yellow of the moon
Fantastic on the floor,
As black as crape a moving shape
Came tottering once more.

“ So dear, so cruel, who like thee! ”
That sable woman cried,
And peered upon the somber sea
As Ivan sank and died.

Then to her wailing agony
The only answer said,
“ I pity, pity, pity thee!
’Tis blithesome to be dead! ”

Nor black as crape the phantom shape,
But like the lily white,
Which drifted o'er the naked floor
And laughed to see the light.

Harp of the North

'Twas evil Ivan's daughter, born
As crazy as a loon.

With vacant laughter, eve to morn,
She gibbers at the moon.

"Thy father dies in yonder sea!"
The sable woman cried;
The answer came, "I pity thee!
'Tis blessed to have died!"

"Daughter darling, yes I know,"
The sable woman said,
"Marked unborn by a mother's woe,
'Tis blessed to be dead!"

"Daughter darling, follow me!
Deserted once when wed,
The bed is deep where I shall sleep —
Ivan's bridal bed!"

To the castle parapet went she —
It overhangs the tide —
And, turning to the somber sea,
She leaped, and sank and died.

Harp of the North

“Aha, ha, ha! A heavy host!”
The crazy daughter said.
“Oh, I am but a gleesome ghost!
’Tis blithesome to be dead!”

Harp of the North

VENGEANCE IS MINE.

I.

From the deeps will I utter it once, from the
heart of the damned will it leap
Like the lavas that leap to the skies when the
mightyest mountains can keep
In suppression their furies no more. Of the in-
finite mercies that shine
Over all, it is all that I claim — 'tis a memory
mad, and 'tis mine!

From the blackness of darkness this once of the
days that are dead will I sing;
Of the eyes that were fair as the stars, and the
tresses like twilight in spring;
Of the smiles that were sweet and the voice that
was low as the oriole's call,
And of maddening passion for her, for her beauty
was mighty in all.

Harp of the North

Through unspeakable darkness they come in remembrance, those visions of yore,
And of her—but for ever and ever her name
may I utter no more.

We were children together, the day of her birth
was the day of my own,

We were friendly in youth, and I loved her—
how madly, God only hath known!

But a happier lover than I in her fancy ascended
his throne

Till a year had scarce withered away, when he
left her to sorrow alone.

He had come, he had taken her heart, he had
taken my hope and was gone.

But I waited, for mighty is love, and my spirit
lay prone at her feet.

She forgot that I loved her, I know, in forgetfulness cold and complete,

But I waited, for mighty is love, and if ever her
tears should be dry

Harp of the North

And, forgetting the false, she could smile, she
should find that the faithful was nigh.
And I waited, though weary the years — since
I laughed as a rollicking child
I had wanted her only. At last she remembered
I loved her, and smiled.
I was happy! The hills of my home and the
heart in my bosom grew light
As the summer with haloes of hope from the
moments I spent in her sight.

II.

But the summer soon faded away, and the days
of our happiness fled.
When the eeriest night of the autumn was
shimmering high overhead,
An insidious whisper I heard; like a snake in
my bosom it fed.
'Twas a word of the deepest despair that can
eat its way into the heart;
'Twas a hint — was it truth, or a lie? When
suspicions and jealousies start

Harp of the North

They will leap in the halls of the soul like the
dancing of devils insane
In the breathless, low hollows of Hell till the
soul is all passion and pain.
Was it true that the false had returned? It
was maddening into my brain
That forgiveness was his for the asking, from
her I had worshipped in vain.
It was lightly she cared for my love; was her
passion so mighty for him
She could steal to his arms in the hours of a
night so infernal and dim?
It was maddening into my brain! In a frenzy
each moment more grim
Till it swept from my bosom all love, I was
striding from room unto room,
Love returning to battle with wrath, which arose
like a demon to doom
Every tenderer thought of the heart, till, the
terrible struggle to stay,
I girded a sword to my body and swiftly I
bounded away.

Harp of the North

III.

It was late in the year, and the grass of November lay brown on the ground;
It was night, and the moon in the azure was journeying yellow and round.
She was swift as the hours of our joy and, like ghosts in the wailing night-breath,
The great folds of the clouds were swept over her, white as the Angel of Death.
On the hills, on the fields of my home, on the woods that were leafless and dim,
The black shadows were chasing the moonlight that died in the darknesses grim,
Like the flame of my passion for her in the doom of my anger for him.
But I sped through the night (I was swift as the shifting, wild shades on my path)
In the might of a passionate love, in the speed of a terrible wrath.
When I came to her garden at last, by the scudding of clouds in the sky,
Like a blot of black ink upon paper, a darkness was dropped from on high.

Harp of the North

But I heard the low voice of my love, and "O
love!" were the words of the voice.

Was she musing of me, and alone, or indeed
was the traitor her choice?

I waited in anguish and hope till the moon out
of shadow should roll;

It shone — the last hope of my being fell rigid
and dead in my soul.

When the moon, in the eldritch cloud-dances,
whirled giddily into the blue,

She was wickedly quick to reveal, with a gleam
of her ghastliest hue,

In the arms of her lover, my love! Then I
clutched at the hilt of my sword,

And I flashed it out, glittering cold to the
moonbeams above us that poured.

O revenge! For revenge I was raging! My
eyes from their sockets did start,

While the passionate blood of my body ran
blacker than Hell to my heart.

To the hilt in his heart then I plunged the white
steel, and he died with a groan,

Harp of the North

As my love in her agony shrieked, with all
 Hades and death in her tone.
On his body she fell with the cry of a love that
 was mighty as Fate,
But once turning to hurl through my soul one
 horrible look of her hate.
While the clutches of agony cruel were tearing
 her heart to its death,
She had laid her cold head on his bosom, and
 yielded forever her breath.

From the sight of her hate and the sight of her
 love so majestic I fled,
And her hatred for me and her passion for him
 was the curse on my head.
Did I care, did I grieve, that I slew him? Ha!
 ha! I had stricken him dead!
He had loved her and taken her love! I re-
 joiced in the death I had done!
He would clasp her no more to his bosom! Ha!
 ha! He was dead! She was won
From caresses forever of his! And no matter if
 lost unto me,

Harp of the North

It was *he* that should see her no more,— the
glass eyes of the dead cannot see!

No remorses had murder for me, nor the sin of
my soul had I fled,

But the pang of her passion for him, and the
hatred she hurled on my head.

It was more than victorious vengeance, in vain
was the deed I had done,

I was damned by a doom that was mightier far
than the joy I had won.

Yea, I knew that forever to him she was lost,
but, ah Hell! I had known

That she died for the love that she bore him;
he claimed her last kiss as his own.

I had lived but to love her, and now the last
glance of her eyes I should see,

Was the look of her horrible hate that she
hurled o'er his body at me!

I may speed with all swiftnesses merged into one
irresistible speed;

His blackening blood I may shake from my
sword and may laugh at the deed.

Harp of the North

I may flee from the deed, but no more can I
flee from that passionate glance
Of her hatred! No matter! Aha! Have ye
seen, where the darknesses dance
One after another across the mad moon in the
eventide's breath,
From the ground the long sword pointing up
to the moon like the finger of Death?
Did ye see, O ye demons, the glittering blade
I had borne at my side?
Did ye laugh with your hollow Ha, Ha, when
I hurled myself on it and died?

IV.

In the blackness of darkness forever, a soul that
is blasted, I roam
Where the midnights are blacker than thunder,
and death, even death, has no home
For the soul disembodied and damned by the
love and the anger that swell
In itself, when no will but its nature has made
its eternity's hell.

Harp of the North

But the curse is forever upon it, and lone, in
the blackness of night,
In the soul of the dead, the wild love is afame
with its maddening might,
Till I yearn in unspeakable anguish to see the
one woman I love,
And I rise from the valleys of death and
athwart the lone midnight I move.
By the infinite caverns of horror, by plains that
no mortal can tread ;
By the mountains that loom to the darkness, all
black with the curse of the dead ;
By the ways that the dead cannot utter, I come !
I am come to her grave !
I shall look through the earth to her body to
see the one darling I crave.
She is cold, she is pallid and still, she is dead,
but what matter ? 'Tis she !
She is white in her beautiful silence, and *I*, yet
again I shall see
The one love of my soul ! So I bend to her
grave that is grassy and green,

Harp of the North

And I look — but, O God! I am dumb with
the doom of what there I have seen.
'Twas the ultimate horror of Hell that I saw
in her pallor and grace,
For the look of her hatred for me was frozen in
death on her face!
O my darling, for ever in vain for thy love in
all worlds must I wait!
O not ever in life wouldest thou love me, and
even in death wilt thou hate!

Then I staggered away, when a rage, like a
whirlwind arose in my soul,
And I swore by the fates and the gods, and the
stars that eternally roll,
(For I rushed to the grave of my rival, where,
down the dim asphodel deeps,
I beheld him serene in the silence where, pallid,
for ever he sleeps).
“ In her life thou hast taken her love, in her
death thou hast left me her hate;
When I lived, for the curse that thou gavest, I
hurled through eternity’s gate,

Harp of the North

From its body asunder, thy soul, with a stab
in the horrible night.

Oh! my bones whistle bare in the breezes, thy
mortal no more can I blight,

But immortal thou livest, they say, in the Aidenn
of love that is fair —

*Ay, remember my spirit yet lives, tho' in Angers
of Hell and Despair!*

As thy body I slew in revenge, by the Fates and
the furies I swear;

By the demons and angels of wrath! by the
Prince of the Powers of Air!

I have sworn that my spirit shall rise, and shall
damn to the nethermost gloom,

In its vengeance, from Heaven itself thy soul
that hath fashioned my doom!"

Away on the wings of my wrath from the inky
black mountains of death!

From the angers of Hell I have taken all angers
that madden its breath.

From the graves of the earth and the Blackness
of Darkness Forever, I rise

Harp of the North

On the wings of my passion for her and my
hatred of him to the skies.
Far away from the hills and the seas and the
chambers of thunder I go,
Till the moon and the sun and the planets have
died in the distance below,
And from star unto star and beyond the last
star of the universe, lo,
Till I see, in the infinite distance, the Jasper-
walled Highlands that glow
In their splendor for ever and ever, sublime
with the pearl at the gate—
Till I sweep through those portals of pearl, in
my fury of vengeance and hate!
Not a saint hath forbidden my entrance, no
seraph hath questioned my ways,
Not a sign from the hosts of the saved, not a
frown from the Ancient of Days.
As I cry in my rage for the soul that is Nemesis,
curse, and despair,
The Archangel himself for an answer is tenderly
whispering, “There!”

Harp of the North

And I look where his pinions direct me — aha!
I have seen him at last!
I have seen — but, O God! with what anguish
the deadliest sickness did blast
My soul as I saw him, for there — it was he in
his haven of rest —
But the spirit of her I had loved was reclining
in bliss on his breast!

Frozen in pain was my vengeance, dumb was
my anger and dead.
I was utterly lone, and a horror of infinite bleak-
ness sank dread
On my sinking and sickening soul, till backward
I tottered and fell
Staggering, reeling, down from the pearly gates
into Hell.

Harp of the North

THE EVENSTAR.

Oh mine was a spark
Of life, flame red,
Till utterly from the day,
Into the dark,
Into the dead,
It shaded sheer away.

And a shadow soul
On the gloom to float
Of the outer wild unknown
From the dust did roll,
And gave one note
In parting — 'twas a moan.

One hollow moan
To the awful sky —
The spaces I must roam,
For the skies intone
That hollow cry
To be my welcome home.

Harp of the North

And why so far,
And why so light,
And why so wildly free,
Without a star,
Without the might
Of wing to carry me?

And why the while
So calm remain,
So passionless as this;
Without a smile,
Without a pain,
In all the lone abyss?

Nor is there one
To welcome me
But a boundless, lone abyss?
And have I done
Eternally
With love and pain and bliss?

Harp of the North

Oh! what, so far,
Is this I see,
All beautiful and bright?
One evenstar
To welcome me
In all the boundless night!

Oh nearer yet,
And less, less far —
My disembodied soul
Can ne'er forget
That evenstar,
Whatever aeons roll!

Emerald green
And azure blue
And alabaster white,
And sunset sheen
Of pink that grew
On the purple peaks at night —

Harp of the North

A paradise
Of beauty bright
Art thou, O Evenstar,
To bless these eyes
The first great night
When I must wander far!

But who art thou,
O lovely one
In thy star so near to me,
More beauteous now
Than moonrise on
A sleeping, silver sea?

Thy tresses long,
Thy smile so sweet,
Like the smile I used to know!
The flowers that throng
Thy snowy feet
Are whiter than the snow.

Harp of the North

Thy robe is white
As righteousness,
Why dost thou come to me
Who am this night
All passionless,
From love by death made free?

So silken soft
Thy lily-white breast!
So lilac sweet thy kiss!
O why so oft
Thy tresses rest
Upon a breast like this?

And around me arms
All airy light
Are white as a lily bloom—
O love, the charms
I hold to-night
I thought were under the tomb!

Harp of the North

*"O hast forgot
Thy first love now,
Thine only and thy last?
Rememberest not
One holy vow
From out the holy past?"*

Thine eyes, I see,
Are deep and blue,
Like hers — my love who died!

*"And I am she,
And thou wert true,
And, O my Sanctified!"*

*"I am thine for this;
Nor bliss could be
Where thou dost not abide."*

Nor passionless
I come to thee,
But wild with love, my bride!

Harp of the North

*"Ay, bride of thine
For evermore
Amid immortal mirth,
O love divine,
O loved of yore,
Mid the purple peaks of earth."*

Harp of the North

IN SHADOWLAND.

“O Angel, stay! I fear this land
Of amaranth and asphodel!”

“Nay, fear not, Shadow, all is well,
For see, I hold thy hand.”

“These vistas dim of cypresses
I fear, for I a sinner stand.”

“I know — I feel it on thy hand,
Heart’s blood of hers it is.”

“O blame me not, but pity me!
I loved a wife, but lovers part — ”

“I know it — thou didst break her heart
And thrust her forth from thee.”

“Have mercy, thou of Shadowland,
And damn me not with doom more drear!”

“Nay, sins are all forgiven here,
And see, I hold thy hand.”

Harp of the North

“ But see, where looms yon lonesome tree
Afar, a woman’s form doth stand.”

“ Ay, thou dost long to hold her hand
For love’s eternity.”

“ In Shadowland, O let her be
My own — but see! she drifts away!”

“ Ay, drifts forever and for aye
Her mournful soul from thee!”

“ Her face is turned away from me!
She will not turn — my heart is sore!”
“ Yea, once — but not for evermore —
Her eyes will turn to thee.”

“ Her form is beauteous — is she fair
As evening stars in twilight skies?”

“ Ay, there is splendor in her eyes
And glory in her hair.”

“ My wife!” (for on the endless track
She turns), “ Oh! bring her back to me!”
“ I did not thrust her out from thee,
I cannot bring her back!”

Harp of the North

THE SHADOW BROTHER.

'Twas somewhere down the sunless land,
 Along the windless ways
Among the spectral trees they met
 Each other's eerie gaze.

"Shadow brother, who art thou,
 With earthless eyes aglow?"
"I was a poet in the earth
 A thousand years ago."

"And did they listen to thy song?"
 "To none my song was dear;
My heart grew heavy till it dragged
 My tired spirit here."

"What dust upon thy shadowy shoe
 Is scattered thin and white?"
"My critics' crumbled monuments
 I trod on in the night."

Harp of the North

“And where are now thy songs, the songs
Left silent in their day?”
“The poets sing them at their tasks,
The children at their play.”



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